

News from *HYDE-PARK.*

Or, a merry Passage that happened between a North Country Gentleman and a very gaudy gallant Lady of Pleasure, whom he picked up in the Park, and conducted Home in her own Coach to her Lodgings :

— And what they did there, | If you'll give attention the Song will declare.
Tune of the *CROS'D COUPLE.*



ONE evening, a little before it was dark,
Sing tan tar rara tan tivec,
I call'd for my gelding and rode to Hyde Park,
Sing tan tara rara tan tivec.
It was in the merry month of May,
When meadows and fields were gaudy and gay,
And flowers appear'd as bright as the day,
I got upon tan tara rara tan tivec.
The park shone brighter than the skies,
Sing tan tara rara tan tivec :
With jewels and gold and ladies eyes,
That sparkled, and cry'd, Come see me,
Of all the Parks in England, Hyde Park has the name
For coaches and horses and persons of fame,
It look'd at first sight like a field full of flame,
Which made me ride up tan tivec.
Ne'er has been such a sight since Adam,
For a perriwig, ribbon, and feather,
Hyde Park may be term'd the market for madams
Of ladies fair, chuse you whether.
Their gowns were a yard too long for their legs,
They shew'd like the rainbow cut out into rags,
A garden of Flowers, or a navy of Flags,
When they did all mingle together.
A mongst all these ladies I sing'd out one
To prattle and heighten my folly ;

I found her not coy, but jovial as Joan,
Or Betty, or Margery, or Molly :
With honour and love, and stories of chances,
My spirit did move, and my blood she advances,
With twenty quonundrums and fifty fine fancies,
I'd have been at her tan tivec.

We talk'd away the time until it grew dark,
The place did begin to grow privy,
The gallants began to draw out of the park,
Their horses did gallop tan tivy.
But finding my courage a little to come,
I sent my bay gelding away by my groom,
And proffer'd my service to wait on her home,
In her coach we both went tan tivy.

I offer'd and proffer'd, but found her strait lac'd,
She cry'd, I shall never believe ye,
This armful of Satan I freely embrac'd,
And fain would have been at tan tivy.
Her lodging was pleasant for scent and for sight,
She seem'd like an angel by candle-light,
And like a bold archer I aim'd at the white,
Tan tivec, tan tivec, tan tivec.

With many denials she yielded at last.
Her chamber being wond'rous privy,
That all the night might I have my repast,
To run at the ring tan tivy.

I put off my cloaths, and tumbled to bed,
She went to her closet to dress up her head,
But I peep'd thro' the key-hole to see what she did,
Which put me quite beside my tan tivy.

She took off her head tire, and shew'd her bald pate,
Her courting did very much grieve me,
Thought I to myself if it were not so late,
I would home to my lodging, believe me.
Her hair being gone, she seem'd like a hog,
Her bald-pate did look like an ostrich's egg,
This lady, thought I, is as right as my leg,
She hath been too much at tan tivy.

The more I did peep, the more I did spy,
Which did unto amazement quite drove me
She put in her finger, and out dropt her eye,
I pray'd that some power would relieve me.
But now my resolve was never to trouble her,
Or venture my carcase with such a blind hobler,
She look'd with one eye like Hughson the cobbler,
When he used to ride tan tivy.

I peep'd, and was still more perplexed therewith,
Thought I, tho't be midnight I'll leave thee ;
She fetch'd a yawn, and out fell her teeth,
The quean had intent to deceive me.
She drew out her handkerchief, as I suppose
To wipe her high forehead, and off fell her nose.
Which made me run quickly and put on my hose,
The devil is in my tan tivy.

She wash'd all the paint from her visage, and then
She look'd just, if you will believe me,
Like a Lancashire Witch of fourscore and ten,
And as the devil did drive me,
I put on my cloaths, and cry'd Witches and Whores,
I tumbld down stairs, broke open the doors,
And down to my country again to my boors,
Next morning I did ride tan tivy.

You north-country gallants that live pleasant lives,
Let not curiosity drive you
To leave the fresh air and your own tenant wives,
For Satan will sadly deceive you.
For my part I will be no more such a meacock,
To deal with the plume of an Hyde Park peacock,
But find out a ruffier coat wench and a haycock,
And there I will ride tan tivy.

Printed and Sold at the Prining-Office, in Alder-
mary Church-Yard, London.